THE

WIGWAM.

A BURLETTA,

IN ONE ACT,

BY

SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

(*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society;*)

AUTHOR OF

"OUR NEW GOVERNESS," "HONOURS AND TRICKS," &c. &c.

AS FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Lyceum

PRICE SIXPENCE

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On Monday, January 25, 1847.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

First produced, Monday, 25th January, 1847.

PLUFFY PLUMPTON, Esq. (*a young Gentleman in independent circumstances*). 1st dress: Fashionable shooting dress, somewhat caricatured. 2nd dress: White buffalo skin, with leggings of same—two small horns—mocassins—blue streaks of paint on face—tomahawk, knife, &c.	Mr. KEELEY.
ERASMUS LOBSCOUSE, otherwise FONDLESQUAW (*the Father of his Tribe*) Very handsome Indian costume—blue paint—pipe.	Mr. F. MATTHEWS.

INDIANS OF THE TRIBE OF KUTANACKEM:

Various dresses—guns, tomahawks, knives, and pipes—MINGO, more extravagant dress than the others, the paint around his eyes makes him resemble an ape.

BINGO -	(*the Downy Beaver*) -	Mr. BENDER.
LINGO -	(*the great Blue Ape*) -	Mr. RICHARDSON.
MINGO -	(*the Monkey's Uncle*) -	Mr. OXBERRY.
JINGO -	(*the Thundering Bull*) -	Mr. SILVER.

MRS. ADELAIDE LOBSCOUSE—Shewy morning dress—bonnet, and shawl.	Miss FORSTER.
JULIA (*her Daughter*)—More elegant, ditto	Miss ARDEN.
OWLEY (*their Maid*)—Ordinary dress of a lady's maid.	Miss TURNER.
CORA (*adopted Daughter of Fondlesquaw, surnamed the Agile Deer's Foot*)—Very picturesque Indian dress, apparently of skins, reaching to knee—coloured legs—face and arms coloured—dress highly ornamented with beads, medallions, &c.—small tomahawk—silver handled knife and silver hilted pistol—handsome mocassins—bow and quiver.	Miss MARY KEELEY

Time of representation, one hour and seven minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S.E.L. second entrance, left. S.E.R. second entrance, right. U.E.L. upper entrance, left. U.E.R. upper entrance, right. C. Centre. L.C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T.E.L. third entrance, left. T.E.R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE WIGWAM.

SCENE I.—*After a few bars of slow music, the curtain rises. The scene represents an Indian encampment some miles from Montreal (Canada). It is a wood, large trees right and left, upon which gourds, bows, arrows, blankets, &c. are hanging. Tent in back, with side closed. A large rock, presenting a smooth white surface about eight feet from the ground on* R., *so that the house can see anything to be written on it. A small Wiguam on left, near the rock. Indians lying about sleeping in their blankets, or smoking. Among them are* LINGO, *and* JINGO. *Music ceases.*

Enter BINGO *down a path,* L. U. E. *He looks round and folds his arms.*

Bin. Do my brothers sleep?

Lin. Though they slept as the dormouse sleeps, they would arouse at the voice of the Downey Beaver.

Jin. What would the Downey Beaver say to his brothers?

Bin. Let his brothers take their pipes and listen.

[*They all sit in a semicircle,* BINGO *in* C.

Bin. Brothers, men of the tribe of Kutanackem, I, the Downey Beaver, demand to be heard. Who is more fit to be listened to? Who among the tribe can drink more of the fire-water, or tell the white faces more lies than I?

Lin. It is well. The Downey Beaver is the greatest drunkard and liar among us. Honour to him! [*All bend.*

Bin. This tribe of Kutanackem has been a good tribe. Its hunting-fields were wide, its rifles were true, its maidens were beauteous, its sons were comely. Why is all this changed?

Lin. The gods only can tell.

Bin. They can, but won't. Look at our tribe. Our hunting-fields are the spoil of these white faces, our rifles burst and kick, our maidens are dumpy and dull, and our men, with the exception of myself, are as ugly a set of buffers as ever stole tobacco.

Lin. The Downey Beaver has learned the tongue of the pale faces. Let him speak to Indians in Indian language.

Bin. He will speak as he pleases. The gods, who have given him beauty, have also given him speech. Now listen.

Jin. The winds are silent, O my brother, but not so silent as we.

Bin. Something must be done for the tribe. Why should the other tribes rejoice and say, "There goes the tribe of Kutanackem, with its eye out?"

Lin. (*furiously*) I spit at them.

Bin. Then you do a very vulgar thing, and a thing that is quite useless.

Jin. (*dolefully*) It is true, our hunting grounds are lost—

Lin. Our guns are bad—

Jin. Our maidens are hideous—

Lin. Our warriors are stunted—

Bin. All this would matter little while I am among you. But I cannot be always with you; I am not immortal; in a few years I shall shoot raccoons in the gum trees of another world.

Lin. Our brother has spoken truly, our race is degenerated; yet, there is one star in the darkness, one spark in the pipe.

Jin. One. We have one maiden among us who is neither hideous, nor dumpy, nor dull, but beautiful as the humming-bird, graceful as the deer, and wise as the serpent.

Bin. True. Cora, the adopted daughter of the aged chief who sits in that tent—the venerable Fondlesquaw, she is the maid of whom my brothers spoke.

Lin. She—Cora—none other.

Bin. It is well. The maiden *is* comely, and were I inclined to wed, I know no woman in our tribe so worthy to cook the meat, to light the pipe, to carry the wood, and to kiss the feet of the Downey Beaver. But I am not a beaver about to marry

Lin. I have a wife.

Jin. I had one, but I killed her, and I don't want another.

Bin. But Cora must marry. Hereafter, she may be the mother of a hero, who shall restore the glory of the tribe.

[MINGO *rushes out of the small Wigwam.*

Min. She shall be the *wife* of such a hero—she shall be *my* wife.

Bin. (*scornfully*) I hear the squeak of a weasel.

Min. A weasel who never sleeps.

Jin. Our tribe hath pigs—one of them squeals.

Min. A pig that sees the wind, and how it blows.

Lin. A kitten hath mewed to the tribe.

Min. A kitten that knows which way the cat jumps. How dare my brothers speak of Cora—Cora, the Agile Deer's foot, and the intended wife of the Monkey's Uncle. She is mine, and let him who would touch one of her tresses beware, or look out for his scalp—he will find it strung over my back. (*Majestically*) The Monkey's Uncle hath spoken.

Bin. Cora, the wife of such a thing as this.

Min. The Downey Beaver gets personal.

Bin. Go, go, my brother hath drunk of the fire-water. Let him sleep.

Min. Sleep yourself and see how you like it. The maiden is mine.

Lin. The husband of Cora should be handsome.

Bin. Our brother is a hobgoblin.

Lin. The husband of Cora should be wise.

Bin. Our brother is an uncommon fool.

Lin. The husband of Cora should be brave.

Bin. Our brother is a confirmed sneak.

Min. (*furiously*) Is he? Henceforth the tail of the Downy Beaver shall hang in the tent of the Monkey's Uncle.

[*Music.* MINGO *draws his knife, makes great parade of sharpening it against the rock, and tries to steal round* BINGO. *At last, uttering a shrill whoop, he springs upon* BINGO. *The latter closes with him, shakes him, and hurls him away.* MINGO *howls, the side of the tent is drawn up and discloses* FONDLESQUAW.

Fon. Now then, my children, now then, stupids. (*Comes out.*) Fighting under the very nose of your blessed father! Are there no buffaloes in the prairies, no beavers in the streams, that you must draw your knives upon one another? Or is our tribe so rich in warriors that we can afford to kill one another? Who began this bobbery?

Bin. My father hath spoken wisely.

Fon. I know it. I always do.

Bin. It was he (*pointing at* MINGO).

Fon. He! The Monkey's Uncle become a man of war! And what hath roused that valiant warrior into wrath?

Min. Hear me, my father, and do me justice. The maiden Cora, the child of your adoption, is beautiful.

Fon. And who said she wasn't?

Min. No one; but they say I am not fit to be her husband.

Fon. And who said you were?

Min. Look at me, my father.

Fon. I do, and wonder at your folly. Cora, your bride! Bah! No more of that.

Min. Father, I love her!

Fon. She hates *you*.

Min. It is impossible.

Fon. May be so, but it's true. There runs the river—go, look at yourself in the water. Enough, the gods will direct me in disposing of Cora.

Bin. Father, the tribe thinks it is time she should marry.

Fon. The tribe is very good. But, to please my children, I will, this very day, enquire the will of the gods, after the fashion of your ancestors. You see yonder rock; it was the oracle of your fathers, it shall be your own. I will perform the ancient ceremonies, and lie down to sleep at its foot. When I awaken, the marks which will be found upon that rock will guide me as to Cora's fate.

Bin. It is well.

Min. No, it is not well. Who is to read those marks, or to understand them?

Fon. I shall. At once I will prepare for the ceremonies. Begone all of you, it must be done alone.

Bin. My father is a cunning man.

Min. (*aside*) Remarkably. But I know a cunning-er. Marks upon the rock, and he is to sleep down there! I see. She shall be mine! [*Report of a gun heard*, L.

Fon. See who approaches us. [*Indians go off cautiously*, R.

Min. My father, you will give Cora to the man whom the gods select.

Fon. I shall.

Min. It may be me.

Fon. It may. But the gods have sharp eyes, and when they want a man they seldom call to a monkey.

Min. (*aside*) I'll have either his daughter or his scalp, the old racoon! [*Exit* R.

Fon. Ha, ha! I wonder if any of my customers in Bloomsbury would recognise, in the venerable Fondlesquaw, the father of his tribe, Erasmus Lobscouse, grocer and dealer in British wine, who, to escape the complicated botheration of a business he hated, and a wife who hated him, ran away from London, and took refuge among these savages. Having the sense to keep sober when they were drunk, I have acquired an authority among them which makes them look up to me with awe. It's a happy life, for other people work for me, and for my wives—for I have *wives*—I can caress or discard them as I think proper. How much better than the stupid conventional arrangement which fastened me and Mrs. Lobscouse together, with about as much chance of peace and happiness as two cats tied by the tails and hung up across a rope. [*Music.—He goes up.*

Enter CORA *with a bound. She is dressed picturesquely, à l'Indienne, feathers, bow and arrows, a small pistol. She brings a hare, which she has killed with an arrow*, U.E.L.

Cora. Ah! my father. (L.)

Fon. Child of my adoption—what sport?

Cora. See. The hare fled fast, but Cora's arrow fled faster still.

Fon. Good. I am fond of hash. Go, Cora, and cook what you have killed.

Cora. To hear is to obey. (*Going towards tent.*)

Fon. Stay. (*She returns.*) Cora, have you ever thought of a husband?

Cora. What for?

Fon. I don't know; but at your time of life young maidens usually look out for some such article.

Cora. My father, they are fools.

Fon. I don't dispute the proposition, but why do you think so?

Cora. I have seen marriages.

Fon. So have I. (*Aside*) Adelaide Lobscouse and self, to wit.

Cora. I am happy as I am. I do not want a husband to rule over me. I might want to hunt—he might order me to cook—of course, I should rebel—and he might beat me.

Fon. He might.

Cora. Or I might be unlucky in hunting, and bring him no dinner—then he might beat me.

Fon. In that case, too, I think he might.

Cora. Or I might be unlucky in cooking, and spoil his dinner—then he might beat me.

Fon. In that case I am sure he might.

Cora. Or, after we were married, I might see somebody I liked better.

Fon. Such things have been.

Cora. And I might run away.

Fon. And such things also, as Mother Lobscouse knows.

Cora. Then he would shoot me.

Fon. That would be harsh.

Cora. Though, to be sure, *that* would be my own fault; because a prudent wife who intended to run away would, of course, take the precaution of shooting *him*.

Fon. Ah! I didn't shoot Mrs. Lobscouse—I only shot ——

Cora. Whom—my father?

Fond. The moon, darling. But never mind.

Cora. My father, let us cut this matter short. I will live with *you*, and do everything you tell me. But if you insist on forcing a husband upon me ——

Fon. Well—

Cora. I hope you'll think it well, for I'll *kill* him—that's all. [*Exit, bounding into tent.*

Fon. Playful darling. I shall have more trouble with her than I intended. (*Whooping heard from the woods.*) My vociferous progeny, bellowing like bulls.

Enter all the Indians, except MINGO, *dragging in* PLUFFY, *and howling. As they bring him towards front he shakes them off for a moment.*

Plu. (*with extreme coolness, preserved all through the first part of the character*) Respectable savages, and (*to* FONDLESQUAW) you, who seem even more respectable than your friends, will you favour me with an audience? (*whoop.*) It's delightful to see such charming animal spirits, quite—but they interfere with conversation. However, at your leisure. (*He leans on his rifle—whoop.*) Ah! I wonder which of us will be tired first?

Fon. Silence, my children, will you? Why has this stranger been dragged hither?

Plu. Do you know that was the very inquiry it occurred to me to make.

Voices. A spy—a spy!

Plu. What do they say?

Fon. That you are a spy.

Plu. A ——?

Fon. A spy.

Plu. Now what damned self-conceit on the part of a lot of half naked, bawling brown boobies! Do they imagine that there is anything *they* can do that a gentleman would think it worth his while to play spy upon?

Fon. Well, what is your answer to spy?

Plu. Lie!

Fon. Eh?

Plu. Them's my sentiments—convey them in any form your amiable friends may prefer.

Fon. He denies being a spy, and I am inclined to believe him.

Plu. That's condescension on the part of a gentleman with patched inexpressibles.

Bin. Then what does he do prowling about an Indian encampment?

Fon. The stranger hears my brother's question.

Plu. He does, and thinks your brother's question very impertinent. You must have neglected his education, and grudged the two-pence a week for manners.

Fon. I wonder who this cool hand is? Evidently from England. It's possible he may know my wife—I should like to know how she bears her widowhood. I'll try and pump him. (*Indians exeunt, in compliance with* FONDLESQUAW's *signs*) Stranger, I would have you know this tribe is exceedingly savage.

Plu. I see that.

Fon. And stands upon very little ceremony.

Plu. I would'nt boast of it, if I were you. It does you no credit.

Fon. Their knives are sharp.

Plu. Pity their wits aint.

Fon. And they stick at nothing.

Plu. Then their knives are of no use to them.

Fon. So I counsel you to give an account of yourself.

Plu. I tell you I don't see what it is to you. But I am quite above playing the mysterious. I come from London, as anybody but yourself could see. My name is Pluffy Plumpton; I am in in independent circumstances, if you know what they are, and I have made a flying visit to Canada in company with an amiable family from Bloomsbury.

Fon. (*very loud*) Bloomsbury!

Plu. There's a shout! I suppose, now, you think Bloomsbury is in the moon?

Fon. Bloomsbury, (*aside*) 'Gad, it's lucky I am safe in the wilderness. I wonder who they are—very likely the Bobblesses, of Hart Street—they were always talking of emigrating, or perhaps Sprigg, of Great Russell Street. Stranger, what—what is the name of your friends?

Plu. I am almost ashamed to mention so vulgar a name even to you. The name is Lobscouse.

Fon. Lob—by—bobbee—bow—scouse. (*turns away*)

Plu. The name makes him ill. I don't wonder. Yes, Lobscouse.

Fon. (*aside.*) What a disgusting pertinacious animal a wife is! To hunt me to the very forest.

Plu. These Lobscouses, for there are two, a wife and a daughter, have come out here in search of a husband and a father, who ran away from his happy home (FONDLESQUAW *groans*) a few years ago. They have traced him to Canada, and now all they want is to know whether he has been hanged or not.

Fon. Hanged!

Plu. Oh! you know what hanging is? I'm glad to see the march of civilisation. Yes, hanged! and it's not unlikely, for by all accounts, including his wife's, he was the most abominable old scoundrel.

Fon. Was he, though?

Plu. A most execrable ruffian. Well, this miscreant Lobscouse has a daughter, named Julia, who is happy and honoured in being the object of my affection. That's why I came with them.

Fon. Of yours?

Plu. Mine; conceive her bliss. Well, when this search is over and we have found that the old thief, Lobscouse—

Fon. He isn't a thief—I mean—ahem—

Plu. How should you know—though to look at you, I should say you were a judge of thieving. I wish you wouldn't contradict me. I was only going to say, that when the search is over, I mean to marry Julia, and give her a gentleman's name instead of that of her old rip of a daddy.

Fon. Rip, sir? I tell you, that circumstances—

Plu. What do you know about circumstances? I never heard anybody say so much in old Lobby's favour before; and therefore—by Jupiter—an idea flashes across my mind—I say—

Fon. (*aside*) I never could hold my tongue at the right time, Stranger, you have not told us why you came here.

Plu. By the blessed St. Daniel Forrester, I believe I have hooked my fish. I shall soon see. (*aside*) Why, the fact is that my beloved Julia and I have had a slight row. I was yesterday endeavouring to impress upon her the warmth of my passion by the unmistakeable means of a few kisses—or so—

Fon. And what business had you to do that?

Plu. O, ho, its coming! (*aside*) Just what she asked—she pretended to be indignant, and ordered me to leave her. I took her at her word, and walked off into the forest with my rifle to amuse myself. I shall return to her in a few days, if nothing prevents me. Meantime Julia is in despair, and I am your most obedient servant. (*aside*) I should have thought *that* would have drawn him. Is there anything else you'd like to know.

Fon. Ahem! Stranger, what is this poor Lobscouse's wife? What is she like?

Plu. (*aside*) Poor Lobscouse! I'll burst upon him directly. Mrs. Lobby——well, she's my mother-in-law elect.

Fon. But don't let your natural hatred for such a relative prevent your doing her justice.

Plu. Ha! you've lived among Christians.

Fon. No; or (*aside*) precious bad ones.

Plu. As there are no reporters present, I may observe that the lady in question is a bit of a catamaran, and used to be rather given to drinking cherry-brandy in her bed-room.

Fon. While she blew up her husband for drinking gin-and-water in his parlour.

Plu. Erasmus Lobscouse!

Fon. What are you talking about, stranger?

Plu. O come, none of that. You masquerading old miscreant,

you can't do me. So "poor Lobscouse" had "circumstances" had he? And he "wasn't a rip" was'nt he? And his wife "blew up his gin-and-water" did she? Caught! Erasmus Lobscouse! If you'll return to your disconsolate wife, all shall be forgiven, no questions shall be asked, and you shall be treated as one of the family.

Fon. Stranger——

Plu. A stranger decidedly — not to be taken in. Give it up, Lobscouse, my dear friend, and now listen.

Fon. Hush! hush! the tribe will hear you.

Plu. Bother the tribe.

Fon. Hush! I tell you.

Plu. I see no more reason for being made to hold my tongue now, than for being made to speak a little while ago. So you are found out. Dressed like a wild Indian, and a Bloomsbury grocer all the while. These deluded savages.

Fon. Hush! or we shall both be murdered.

Plu. Well, you acknowledge yourself to be Lobscouse, do you?

Fon. What signifies who I am. I'll get you off safely, so come with me (*dragging him*).

Plu. No, I'll stay with you, until you are ready to accompany me to Montreal.

Fon. Me.

Plu. You! I'll present you, bound hand and foot, to your injured wife, as a small token of my respect and esteem.

Fon. Never!

Plu. You won't come?

Fon. Never!

Plu. I'll appeal to the tribe. Though savages, they have no doubt some principles of justice, and won't help a man to abandon his wife.

Fon. I implore you to be silent.

Plu. Not I; I'm a dead hand at a mob appeal, though I am a bit of a dandy. I once thought of standing for Finsbury. Here goes.

Fon. Wait—wait, at least till I can talk to you—till I can explain why I left Mrs. Lobscouse.

Plu. The thing explains itself—look at her. But for all that, you must come back.

Fon. Only wait the time you intended to be away—a few days.

Plu. What, here?

Fon. Yes, we'll entertain you.

Plu. You do, by the proposal. Why, what should I do with myself?

Fon. Hunt, and shoot, and fish, and drink, and smoke, and sleep.

Plu. Well, many a man does no more all his life, and I might do it for a week. But I like female society, I can't take your offer.

Enter CORA, *from tent*, L.

Cora. My father, have you forgotten your hash?

Plu. Not he—I'm settling it for him. Ah, ha! Not a bad specimen of the squaw species.

Fon. I will be with you presently, child.

Plu. I say, father, whose property is this? (*Placing his hand on her.*)

Cora. (*pushing him away violently*) Property—white face, I am free.

Plu. Devilish! But you are very pretty. I say, daddy Lobscouse, you have a good eye for female attractions—a *protegée* of yours, eh?

Fon. Is there no way that I can stop your tongue?

Plu. I'm not aware of any—the young lady in the feathers might, perhaps.

Fon. (*aside*) It would be almost worth the trial. You think her pretty?

Plu. Better than pretty—she's nice, very nice.

Fon. Would her society reconcile you to a week in the woods?

Plu. I don't know. But if her conversational powers are equal to her force of arm, I think I *might* make out the week.

Fon. I've a good mind to try. (*Aside*) Only she said she'd kill any husband I proposed to her—and if she should—well, if she should, there's no great harm done. Cora—

Cora. My father.

Fon. What do you think of the stranger?

Cora. (*walks up to* PLUFFY, *examines and turns him round*) He is clean enough, my father.

Plu. She excels in limited compliment.

Fon. Would you like *him* (*with some trepidation*) for a—a husband.

Cora. (*examining the priming of her pistol—then very quietly*) What did you say, my father?

Fon. There—there—don't be hasty. Cora, you pretend to love me.

Cora. You—so I do—but what has that to do with my marrying that creature?

Fon. Much. He has it in his power to hurt me.

Cora. Is that all? I'll soon put it out of his power. (*Aims at* PLUFFY.)

Plu. My love, if I were you, I'd drop my pistol, and trust to the fire of my eyes.

Cora. My father, shall I bang at him?

Fon. No, no, put up your weapon.

Cora. (*reluctantly*) You never allow me any pleasure.

Fon. I think that in a trifle like marriage you might obey me cheerfully, but you are an ungrateful, undutiful girl.

Cora. No, I'm not, father.

Fon. I say you are. Why don't you marry that man when I tell you.

Cora. I don't want to be married.

Fon. It's my wish, and that's enough.

Cora. I don't love him.

Fon. And what's that to do with it?

Cora. He'll repent it if I agree. [MINGO *enters at back.*

Fon. He'll repent it when you disagree, but that's *his* look out.

Plu. Well, my good friend, are you arranging for my comfort.

Fon. Stranger, you shall share the hospitality of our tribe; you shall eat of our food, and sleep in our tents. Nay, to bind you to us, I have resolved to give you this maiden, our flower, for a wife.

Min. (*rushes on*) It shan't be, it shan't be, I say. The girl is mine. This marriage would be absurd and ridiculous.

Cora. The first word of sense I ever heard from the mouth of the Monkey's Uncle.

Plu. Your friend seems excited. What entitles him to vote in this election?

Min. My interest in the maiden.

Fon. It's not such an interest as confers a vote. I strike off your name.

Plu. And if you appeal to me, I'll strike off your head. Somebody lend me a tomahawk.

Min. I won't have it—it shan't be. Ho! brothers, ho! here's treachery. (*Enter Tribe*) Father Fondlesquaw, you have broken your word.

Fon. I forgot, (*aside*) I have changed my mind. The girl is mine, I shall give her to this stranger. [*Murmurs from Tribe.*

Min. You shall not. I appeal to the Tribe; they heard you promise to consult the gods, and give Cora to the man they chose. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought.

[*Murmurs of assent.*

Plu. If there's any opposition to the arrangement, I shall insist upon it—while it was all plain sailing I didn't care about it. I stand up for my rights, the girl is promised to me, and I will have her.

Cora. He has some spirit.

Min. (*rushing wildly about*) You shan't, you shan't. She's mine and nobody else's. Who dares confront the Monkey's Uncle. Whoop!

Plu. (*Walks up to him quietly and pitches him away*). Go to the devil, can't you? Maiden, do me the favour to believe that I adore you, and that I will do my utmost to make you happy—for a week (*aside*).

Cora. If you were one of us, I might, perhaps, think of you.

Plu. I shall be one of you, connected by that diamond cement, marriage.

Cora. Your dress is so different.

Plu. A trifle superior, don't you think? But I'll dress just as you please.

Cora. Your face is pale, our warriors are painted and tattooed.

Plu. I don't mind paint; but as for tattooing—(*aside*) Julia might'nt like a husband with a face like a Railway map.

Cora. I shall obey my father.

Plu. Well, in this instance I would—but don't make a practice of it.

Min. Tribe of the Kutanackems! shall this injustice be done. Will you allow his (*pointing to* FONDLESQUAW) faith to be broken.

Indians. The rock! the rock! the rock!

Plu. May I ask what these gentlemen allude to?

Fon. Why, I did promise (*explains it, in pantomime, to* PLUFFY).

Min. You did promise, and you shall keep your promise. To the rock, father, and sleep.

Fon. I must,—otherwise the tribe will be outrageous. But (to PLUFFY) I'll manage it. I'll work the oracle. Is it the wish of the Tribe.

All. To the rock.

Plu. I'll see this game out. I wish Julia could see me.

Fon. Begone, all. Cora, to my tent, and take the stranger with you.

Min. (*Rushing forward again*). No, I object, they shan't go.

Plu. I see I must strangle this little wretch off hand.

Min. Besides, if this stranger is to be admitted as a candidate, he has no right to wear the white man's dress, or that womanish skin. Let him adopt the dress of the tribe, and be tattooed.

[*The Tribe applaud.*

Plu. The dress if you like, but damn the tattoo.

Cora. Then, not even for me, will my lover undergo a little pain.

Plu. Pain, my adored, a whole hospital full; but it's not the pain, it's the ugliness.

Cora. But we admire it, and it is with us you will spend your days.

Plu. (*aside*) Seven of them at least. But I don't see that these other gentlemen are tattooed.

Bin. It is the honoured badge of the chief and his family. You wish to be his son-in-law, and may be his successor.

Plu. Oh! ah! contingent advantages. I see.

Bin. And you must bear an Indian name. What shall he be called?

Plu. It's your business, Cora—be my godmother.

Indians. Cora! Cora! Cora!

Cora. (*after considering*) Let him be called "THE LITTLE WHITE BUFFALO."

Plu. Content, and you shall be my Buffalo Gal.

Shout—"Welcome to the Little White Buffalo."

Plu. The Little White Buffalo thanks you, gentlemen, from the very bottom of his hump.

Min. Now take him away, and make him one of the tribe. Get the hot irons ready.

Plu. Hot irons! Is it like freemasonry?

[*He is dragged off.* FONDLESQUAW *follows, observing.*

Cora. I don't hate this stranger so much as I expected.

Min. (*aside*) Now they must keep him out of the way for some time, and I shall help the gods to point out a husband for her. (*To* CORA) Maiden, may the choice of the oracle fall on *me*.

Cora. Upon you, you little monster!

Min. Me, Cora, for I love you.

Cora. (*quietly*) Mingo, I advise you, as a friend, to run, for as soon as ever this pistol is cocked, I fire it at you [*Takes out pistol.*

Min. Are you serious?

Cora. (*cocking*) Quite.

Min. Ow—ow—don't—don't,—give us ten yards law—ow—

[*He runs off.*

[CORA *fires.* *A lamentable howl from* MINGO, *off.*

Re-enter FONDLESQUAW.

Fon. I don't think he'll much like the ceremony.

Cora. Well, since you insist on my marrying, I don't know that you could have found me a better husband. He won't beat me?

Fond. Don't you be too hasty in your conclusions—these quiet men are the devil. But I must work my oracle. Luckily all I want is a stick and a piece of black chalk. The gods of this Tribe and I are upon capital terms, and make no ceremony with one another.

[*Enters tent.*

Cora. A husband! Be it so. But neither a husband's, nor any other power, shall bid Cora forsake her forest home, or go where her ear is deaf to the voices of the free wild winds.

SONG.

"THE WILD FREE WIND."

Written by SHIRLEY BROOKS. Composed by ALEXANDER LEE.

(Published by Leoni Lee, and Coxhead, 48, Albemarle-street.)

Oh! the Wild Free Wind is a Spirit kind,
And it loves the Indian well,
When its course it ploughs through the crashing boughs,
Or moans in the ocean shell.
When the Indian maid has implored its aid,
The wild free wind is there,
And it speeds her dart to the red deer's heart
As he bounds from his secret lair.
And whether o'er sea or land it go,
She loves to hear the wild wind blow.

When the sunlight fades from the silent glades,
And stars through the branches gleam,
The wild wind's sigh is her lullaby,
And the music of her dream.
It guides the showers to her fairest flowers,
Her bees to their fragrant cell,
For the Wild Free Wind is a Spirit kind,
And it loves the Indian well.
And whether o'er sea or land it go,
She loves to hear the wild wind blow.

[*Exit* CORA.

SCENE II.—*Front grooves.* *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter MRS. LORIMOUSE, JULIA, *and* OWLEY, L.

Mrs. L. You don't care—of course you don't care—who supposed you did care what happens to your mother?

Jul. And pray what is happening to you, mamma, if I may ask?

Mrs. L. None of your impertinence, miss, if you please.

Jul. Well, ma, I don't see much to complain of.

Mrs. L. You don't, don't you? Then I do. Haven't you dragged me all these miles into a savage country, full of robbers, and murderers, and bandits, just to look after your precious Mr. Plumpton?

Jul. Now, ma, if you could come all the way from England to look after your husband, mayn't I come a few miles to look after my lover?

Mrs. L. I tell you, miss, no impertinence. Your lover! Pah! And now that we are here, what next? There's no Fluffy Plumpton here, so we may as well go back again.

Jul. But the officer told us positively, that while riding his rounds, he saw Mr. Plumpton making his way in this direction, and that there is an Indian encampment somewhere here.

Mrs L. An Indian encampment! You don t mean—no, Julia, you don't—

Jul. What, ma?

Mrs. L. You don't mean to say (*almost screaming*) that you have brought ME among the Indians, you unnatural child!

Jul. Why, ma, the Indians won't hurt *you*.

Owl. O, won't they though, miss! O lor, miss, if you knew what horrid things they do! Tearing the scalp off your poor head, and sticking bits of lighted stick into all your veins! O my!

Jul. Don't be silly, Owley.

Owl. Bless you, I've read it in the Calendar of Horrors and Terrific Register, miss.

Jul. Be quiet, I tell you.

Owl. I shall never be able to bear being set on fire.

Mrs. L. Owley—silence—and don't obtrude your terrors when your betters are frightened.

Jul. I assure you, mamma, there's nothing to be frightened about—the Indians have associated with Christians long enough to lose all their vices except civilised ones, such as cheating, and stealing, and drinking, and so on.

[MINGO, *who has been concealed in a tree, whoops.*

Owl. There's horror number one, three murders in the very first page!

Min. (*whoops again—Ladies scream and exeunt*) Ha! more white faces—I hate them all! Yonder fat stranger has tried to rob me of my bride, and henceforth there shall be war between the pale skins and the Monkey's Uncle. I'll go and scalp that old woman; it will ease my mind a little. (*Whoops, and runs after them.*)

SCENE III.—*Same as* I.

Enter FONDLESQUAW, *with a long stick and a blanket.*

Fon. There is my robe and wand, and now for the marriage destiny of Cora. (*Ladies scream without*) Ha! (*sees the ladies*) more strangers! what do they want? [*Ladies enter running.*

Owl. O gracious me, ma'am, don't let us run any more; the horrid wretch has missed us. I saw him take another path in the wood.

For. Let us astonish them. (*Whoops.*)

[OWLEY *falls on her knees in terror.* MRS. LOBSCOUSE *clings to her.* JULIA *advances, taking out purse.* FONDLE-SQUAW *comes down with terrific strides and gestures.*

Fon. Bosh koku mi gimmel bo gumberry bung.

Mrs. L. Wh—what's that—what does he mean, Julia—O lor!

Owl. It's Indian, I know it's Indian, for threatening to scalp us. It won't matter for you, ma'm, because you don't wear your own hair.

Jul. You speak English, my good friend, no doubt.

Fon. Nat bar jabberly biffin boffin.

Jul. Here, everybody understands this language (*holds out money*).

Fon. Yars, him savvy a few Englands. Who him? (*points to* MRS. LOBSCOUSE.)

Jul. My mother.

Fon. Let him see. Child nice, sometimes mother dam ugly. Let him see.

[*Strides ferociously up to* MRS. LOBSCOUSE, *who hides her face in her hands in terror.*

Fon. Let see, him say. Dam ugly mug what can't be show. Put down him paws. (*Pulls away her hands, and obtains a full front view of her face. The moment he does so, he utters a violent howl—which terrifies the women—and dashes into the tent in three strides.*)

Mrs. L. He's gone!

Owl. He's only gone to fetch his fire. In half an hour we shall all be dry toast.

Jul. I dont comprehend: the sight of mamma seemed to terrify him.

Owl. I know it used terrify me when I talked to the baker—O—O! (*screams.*)

Jul. What now?

Owl. Here comes the little one again!

Mrs. L. More horrors! Julia, our innocent blood lies at your door.

Owl. Lor! does it?

Enter MINGO.

Min. (*brandishing knife at* OWLEY, *who is nearest him and is sitting on the ground in terror.*) This knife has catawompoused a thousand enemies—it shall now catawompouse you, whey face. Are you ready?

Owl Not by some time. I've a great many things to say.

Min. I won't hear'em, so that's settled. Now!

Owl. (*struggling with him*) Nay, my dear man, my beautiful Indian, my friend!

Min. I'm not beautiful, I'm not your friend, I'm going to finish you off.

[MINGO *stands over* OWLEY, *making horrible grimaces and gestures and brandishing his knife, when* PLUFFY, *his dress Indian, and his face streaked with war paint, rushes on from back and throws* MINGO *off. Attitude. Music.* MINGO *dashes into his wigwam.*

Plu. Beware! the Little White Buffalo is here!

Jul. Mamma!

Mrs. L. What! what!

Jul. Do you see?

Mrs. L. Scarcely.

Jul. Do you see who that is?

Mrs. L. Another savage!

Jul. No, don't you see, it's Pluffy,—my Pluffy.

Mrs. L. Plumpton!

Jul. Yes.

Mrs. L. Pluffy turned Pagan!

Owl. Yes; it is Mr. Plumpton.

Plu. (*whose manner is now excited, and in strong contrast with his bearing when in English dress.*) *to* OWLEY, You lie. (*she runs to* P. S.) Pluffy is no more and Plumpton is abolished. The Little White Buffalo will henceforth be the name on my visiting cards.

Jul. Pluffy!

Plu. No, I tell you, there is no such person. I am an Indian—this is my tribe—the men are my brothers and the women are my sisters, and (*looking at* JULIA) when I kiss them they are glad, and kiss me again. Whoop!

Jul. And can you treat *me* thus?

Plu. You'll see. This day I am made an Indian, this night I am made a husband.

Jul. A husband!

Plu. A husband (*aside*). I did'nt think she'd follow me, but she'll get a harder lesson than she expected

Jul. And who—what—

Plu. The fairest maiden of this respectable tribe is set apart for me, and the Little White Buffalo is about to wed the Deer's Foot. Where is my lovely Cora, my bosom's idol.

Jul. This is cruel. (*cries*).

Plu. Tears,—what are they? An Indian sheds no tears; the "Stoic of the Woods" disdains a pocket-handkerchief.

Owl. Nasty creature.

Plu. Go back to your refinements, your parlours and back-bed-rooms; your warming-pans, and your umbrellas. Henceforth, the forest is my home. (*aside*) I shall bring her to my senses. But where is my father, hath he dreamed his dream, and have the gods made their marks?

Min. Ha! I forgot (*steals out and away*).

Jul. Mr. Plumpton!

Plu. Again that word. Where is my Cora. Ha! she is here.

Enter CORA.

Come to my arms.

Cora. No, such is not the fashion of our maidens.

Plu. I'll be hanged if she isn't conventional too. She's no better than Julia.

Cora. And besides, the gods have not spoken.

[MINGO *comes on with a piece of chalk in his hand.*

Min. Now (*aside*) I must manage to mark the rock.

[*Goes up, and is seen creeping stealthily up the rock.*

Mrs. L. Who is that creature, dressed in that indecent manner.

Plu. My bride, madam, my bride.

Jul. What a depraved taste!

Plu. Yes, madam, my bride, expressly sent by Providence. On yonder rock reclining, my—

[*Turns and sees* MINGO *up aloft marking a great M on the rock, which he marks thus*—W.

Min. There's M for Mingo.

[PLUFFY *seizes the long stick* FONDLESQUAW *had left, and whops* MINGO *on the back.*

Plu. Ah! would you?

Min. (*Kicking*) Get out, get out! let me alone.

Plu. (*Continuing to hit him*) What are you about, you Monkey's Uncle? Come down. Don't you know that place is exclusive? Come down.

Cora. Oh! I'll set this right. [*Exit into tent*

Plu. So you'd work the heavenly electrical telegraph, would you? "M" for "Mingo," I suppose. Very fine; and the stupid savage has written it upside down. Do you think the gods would soil their fingers by writing about you? Come down (*pokes him down.*)

Enter CORA, *dragging on* FONDLESQUAW.

Plu. Ha, father! what's the news from your friends? (*points up.*)

Fon. Curse it, I wish I could get her away! If I speak, she may recognise my voice; if I don't, the tribe may become suspicious.

[MINGO *summonses the Indians, who come whooping in at back.*

Owl. Now we *are* caught. Well, I shall soon be toasted, because I'm cut thin; but missus will take a deal of firing.

Plu. The oracle, father—let's have it!

Indians. The oracle—the rock.

Fon. Listen. I preferred to dream in my tent, because I had a cold in my head. But the gods have spoken. See.

[*The Tribe gather towards rock.*

Plu. But I caught that fellow——

Min. No, my brother and buffalo, you didn't.

Fon. Silence! that is their will (*points*).

Min. (*exulting*) Of course. M stands for Mingo—I am Mingo—they mean me.

Fon. Do they?—you're out.

Min. Out.

Fon. As out as possible.

Min. Don't M stand for Mingo?

Fon. No!

Min. No?

Fon. No, not in the alphabet of the gods; and if it did, that's not M.

Min. (*screams*) Not M?

Fon. No, stupid.

Min. You get on the rock and lie down and look at it, that's all

Fon. That's not the position in which decent people read; there is the mark; and it seems to me to be a W;—now W stands for White.

Min. Well.

Fon. Well, then, of course it means that the Little White Buffalo there is to wed the maiden Cora there.

Plu. Of course it does, anybody can see that.

Min. Well, I *am* dammed.

Plu. Certainly you are. Then Cora is mine.

Fon. Yours, for ever.

Plu. For a week (*aside*) at least.

Min. A swindle! an entire swindle! and nothing else but a swindle!

JULIA *advances.*

Jul. This is infamous, Mr. Plumpton. After all your vows to me, your oaths, your—your caresses.

Cora. Caresses. I must kill that young woman, I see. (*advances*).

Jul. To ally yourself to an ignorant savage?

Cora. (*advances, pushing away* PLUFFY) And wherein is the white face better than the savage?

Jul. Look at her dress.

Plu. Woman's first taunt, always.

Cora. (*with energy*) Yes, look, and say whose dress is best. The white girl wears many clothes, but has she health like Cora? The white girl has shoes, which pinch her feet into a shape the gods meant not, but can she run or dance like Cora? The white girl's waist is squeezed by steel and whalebone—is her shape better than Cora's? Can the white girl hunt, or if her husband is sick must he starve, or can the white girl cook? Cora can do both. Who will make the best wife?

Plu. Julia, have you no answer to all this eloquence?

Jul. I—I should scorn to argue in my own favour. But you—you said you loved me, and I was, was foolish enough to believe you, and—(*faints*)

Owl. Ah! that's the white girl's favourite dodge—it never fails.

[PLUFFY *runs to* JULIA *and supports her.*

Plu. Here! Julia! dearest! I did not intend this. Here, water! I only meant to punish you for your coquetry. I do love you,

heartily, wholly—this was only a freak. I'll marry you to morrow. How could I be such a brute. Water!

Jul. (*Looking up*) Then you do love me.

Plu. To distraction; indeed you must see that I must have been distracted to leave you.

Jul. And you'll return home with us?

Plu. Instantly, now, immediately, if not sooner. Where's the carriage.

Cora. (*seizing him*) Hold.

Plu. Hold what?

Cora. I am now your wife. Where you go, I go.

Plu. My good child—

Cora. Where your tent is pitched is my home. I go with you.

Jul. Shake off that wretched creature.

Plu. Ahem—the shaking might fall to my share. You see, Cora—

Cora. I see nothing but my affianced husband.

Mrs. L. As a mother-in-law, I must speak.

Plu. Then we are sure of something disagreeable. But this can't be. I must resign my place in the tribe, and my Indian wife. I regret it, but it must be so.

[*Murmurs from the Tribe.*

Fon. I shall have no power over them if you insult them thus.

Plu. Why, you wouldn't have me stay?

Fon. I think you'd better—indeed, I think you must.

Plu. Oh! confounded nonsense, I'll see the tribe at Jericho. Do you mean that the tribe will force me to stay against my will?

Bin. Yes. Are you not one of us. To strengthen our number we have taken you as a brother—we have given you our fairest for a bride. Seek to fly, and a shower of bullets from our rifles follows your track. Brothers! your guns!

[*The Indians, in a row, level at* PLUFFY, *and* CORA, *who is before them, crouches down to be out of the line of fire.*

The Tribe. Lay hold of him.

Lin. My father, let us chop off his toes, then his escape is impossible.

Fon. The thought is a happy one.

[*Indians advance with tomahawks.*

Plu. Stop, my beloved brethren, stop a moment, will you? One word to our revered father. (*They draw back*) I say, you abominable old savage, I'll serve you out. Do you mean to manage my escape?

Fon. I don't see any way.

Plu. Then, since you won't behave like a decent Indian, I'll put the screw on. Mrs. Lobscouse.

Mrs. L. Sir.

Plu. What brought you to Canada?

Mrs. L. Her Majesty's ship, Jupiter.

Plu. But the object?

Mrs. L. To find my runaway husband, or to read his epitaph.

Plu. Then why don't you go and embrace him? There he stands. (*points to* FONDLESQUAW.)

Fon. Betrayed!

Mrs. L. That!

Plu. Go and look at him, can't you?

Mrs. L. Lobscouse, speak!

Plu. No, they call him Fondlesquaw, from his amazing affection for the women about here.

Mrs. L. The wretch! [*Goes to* FONDLESQUAW.

Fon. There's no use in attempting further disguise. Yes, Mrs. Adelaide Lobscouse, behold your injured husband—

Mrs. L. *You* injured! Well!

Fon. Who, driven from his home by your unkindness, sought refuge among these children of nature.

Owl. O mi! master! And isn't he going to catch it, hot and hot?

Mrs. L. If (*aside*) he does he'll never come home. We'll keep the *explanation* for Bloomsbury. No, my Lobscouse, no. I was wrong, very wrong, I ought to have curbed my tongue. And did I drive him away, and (*sobs*) will he forgive his poor wife, and come home again. [*Lays her head on his breast*

Fon. That tone! that voice! It recals our honeymoon—our brief but rapturous honeymoon. And will she be a good and affectionate wife?

Mrs. L. Try me, dearest. I *will* curb my temper, and once more in our happy home in Bloomsbury—

Fon. "There!" as the gentleman says in the 'Stranger,' "there! Adelaide, you may be mine again." (*They embrace coldly.*)

Cora. "These be your Christian husbands."

Owl. Yes, miss, they be, and very good husbands they are.

Mrs. L., Come let us leave these savages.

Indians, (*except* MINGO,) No! no!

Bin. Let the women go. The father and the Buffalo will stay.

Min. No. Let the Buffalo go.

Bin. Neither shall stir. They are ours. Death to him who attempts it.

Indians. Death! death!

Fon. Mrs. Lobscouse, my love.

Mrs. L. Oh! don't bother me about love. We are all going to be murdered.

Fon. Exactly so. And before we die, allow me to remind you that if you hadn't driven me from home I shouldn't be here, and if I hadn't been here I shouldn't be murdered.

Mrs. L. True, true. What can I do to save him. (*Kneels*) Oh! my good savages, my blessed Indians, if you'll only let my husband go, I'll stay and be hanged, or burned, or anything likely to amuse you. Only let him go.

Fon. Do you mean that!

Mrs. L. I do, I do indeed.

Fon. Then you are a trump of a woman, and nothing shall ever part us again. [*They embrace affectionately and go up.*

[*Trumpets heard in distance.* *Exit* MINGO.

Cora. Hark! hark! I hear the white man's war-whoop.

[*Trumpets nearer.*

Plu. "We may be happy yet."

[*Trumpets again. Re-enter* MINGO.

Plu. Those are English trumpets—after that blast you're all not worth a damn.

Min. A detachment of English cavalry comes up.

Jul. Brought by the officer who saw you yesterday. Bless him.

Plu. He shall dance at our wedding in Montreal.

Bin. My br ther's resistance to them were useless. The white men are bigger than we, and stand very little nonsense. The strangers may go their way.

Cora. (*earnestly*) Farewell! you little Buffalo! I would have made you a loving wife, had you chosen to remain with us in the fresh air of the forest: but you prefer stays, and smoke. Farewell! May you be happy with your white girl. Cora is free again.

Min. You may be mine yet.

Cora. Not if I know it.

[*Draws knife. Exit* MINGO, *hastily.*

Owl. Saved, saved! and we shan't be made into toast!

[*They come down.*

Mrs. L. Now, gent'lemen, when you have put yourselves into dresses which a lady can look at——

Fon. Then hey for England.

[*Is going with* Mrs. L., CORA *stops him.*

Cor. And *you* leave me, father, without one word of farewell!

Fon. (*embracing her*) My child, I am indebted to you for much kindness and dutiful affection. Whenever you choose to cross the water, and come to us in Bloomsbury, a knife and fork, and a bed-room shall be heartily at your service.

Mrs. L. And a Christian milliner.

Plu. And Julia, love, lend me a pencil and card (*he writes*) Cora, whenever you shew that (*gives her card*) in Montreal, you will find yourself protected and provided for the voyage.

Cora. (*in a voice of half melancholy*) It is well. Our tribe is fast failing, and I may one day claim your kindness. But I know not what your friends in England will think of the Child of the Woods.

Plu. That's soon settled—we'll ask them. (*Takes her hand and brings her to front**) For reasons, which it is perhaps unnecessary for me to explain, I take rather a lively interest in this young person If, upon another occasion, I should wish to introduce her to you, may she expect a kind reception? (*Pause.*) Then, with your permission, we'll say to-morrow evening. That's understood, then? Thank you.

CURTAIN.

---

* This speech, written with reference to the original cast of the piece, can be altered according to circumstances.

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